

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



**CHRISTMAS
NUMBER**

VOL. LVI

DECEMBER, 1936

No. 2

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VOLUME LVI. NO. 2

DECEMBER, 1936

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

^{C. H. H.}
SAVAGE JR.

REGISTER



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PROTECTING THE YOUTH

Especially noticeable during the past few years have been the attempts on the part of certain public-spirited and zealous citizens, to repress "undermining and tremendously detrimental activities" of a few crackpot agitators. These good citizens express fears that such radicals will only too easily succeed in implanting their doctrines in the rash, immature minds of the youth of the country. On the surface, such an unselfish, fostering attitude would seem to be excellent and, granting that such menaces exist and that the younger generation is inexperienced and even foolhardy, also quite proper.

And yet that is not the complete picture; certain basic elements and principles have been neglected. In the first place, it is not in accordance with the American system of democracy to attempt to repress things. The government itself is held in equilibrium by a series of balancing, counteracting forces. No matter what party or person or principle holds sway, despite the general acclaim for it, there is, and always must be, an opposing faction which stabilizes and points out the defects of the other's program. It is the basis of American life; each man brings his opinions and plans—his grist, to the public mill where it is thrashed out, assailed, and studied by his fellow-men from every point of view.

The test is a good one. Under such intense and diverse criticism, the slightest defect is almost invariably revealed. Bad schemes fare poorly; sometimes they receive extensive support at first but, ultimately, they are rejected by the majority. It would, indeed, be very helpful if there were some infallibly righteous tribunal which could, at first hand, weed out the offensive chaff. But dare we institute such a power? In the beginning it may be satisfactory; but, if a precedent were established, how much easier would it be for a tyrannical, un-American power to develop from or to duplicate this office? The safe, proven way is to let every man have his turn at expressing his ideas; the agitators are soon objects of a quiet ridicule and general distrust. Unless you are willing to accredit to the public this ability to separate the chaff from the wheat, you can hold no hope for the future of democracy in this nation and may as well resign yourself at once to inevitable dictatorship.

But, they say, youth is too susceptible to these radical ideas. True, very often youth, in its general spirit of liberalism and ambition, does heed the pied pipings of these radicals. But the spell they cast is usually short-lived; their young protégés, departing, are more skeptical and less sympathetic toward such theories than before. Just as youngsters are exposed to germs in vaccination and allowed to recuperate, so they have encountered a false policy, have learned its errors early in life, and have been inoculated against recurrence thereafter. Their environment and heredity as free Americans, their own keen instinct for their welfare, will provide all the protection needed to prevent the success of radicalism for any length of time.

—*John J. Colahan, '37.*



SAFETY IN FOOTBALL

I. The game ended with a mad scramble after a fumble on Latin's five-yard line. Two spectators, a fifteen-year-old Latin School lad and his father, rose to leave. The boy had brought his father in order to show him what actually happens at a football game and thereby win his consent to play the next season. The father was amazed at the fact that, when the referee had untangled the last pile-up, no one had been found injured. He said to his son; "If you can explain to me why some of those players weren't hurt, you can play next fall."

II. The boy answered, "First of all, each candidate on the squad is carefully examined by the school doctor. Those whose hearts are unsound or even questionable are rejected."

The father interrupted: "But aren't young fellows whose hearts are perfect likely to have them weakened by the strain?"

"Oh, there is an age limit. Only those over fifteen years of age are eligible. When a fellow has reached that age, he is strong enough to stand the 'gaff'."

III. The boy continued: "Secondly, there is the equipment. Each player receives from the school shoulder guards, rib pads, hip pads, a pair of padded pants, a jersey, and a pair of cleated shoes. The shoulder pads protect the shoulders and collar-bones; the rib pads, the ribs; the hip-pads, the kidneys, hips, and lower spine; the pants, the thighs and knees. All of these have soft padding on the inner side and a stiff, resisting fiber shell on the outside to distribute the force of the blows. During scrimmages and games each player wears a hard leather helmet with a web suspension crown which prevents head injuries. If a player has a tender nose or some delicate bridge work in his teeth, he wears a rubber-cushioned metal nose-guard on his helmet. The only article each one is required to furnish is an athletic supporter, preferably of the 'tin-cup' type. The equipment used by the Latin School squad is better than that used by most of the other Boston schools because of the generosity of Boston Latin School Athletic Association."

The father murmured: "I didn't realize that the players wore half of that equipment. When I played for U.V.M. in 1907, all I had were two excelsior pads sewed on the shoulders of my jersey."

IV. Having regained his breath, the boy continued: "At daily practice each player is taught the correct and safe way of playing his position. Regular scrimmages keep everyone 'tough as nails,' so that each player enters a game in prime physical condition. If anyone is hurt during a scrimmage, he is removed from action and sent home. If his injury warrants it, he is sent to a doctor at the City Hospital the next morning. The manager keeps an emergency kit at the field for the treatment of cuts and bruises. Two additional safety needs would be taken care of if the Latin School team had its own private field. These are a doctor in attendance during practice and a gridiron that is carefully kept free from stones, glass, and so forth."

At this halt, the father just didn't have anything to say.

V. The boy went on: "Just before each game the first- and second-string players have their ankles taped by an expert trainer. Strained muscles are taped up. The trainer tapes soft rubber sponges on the one or two bruised shoulders. The players are given a chance to get 'warmed up' before the game starts. There is a doctor on the sidelines throughout the game 'just in case.' The captain or quarterback is instructed to call time out when a man appears to be hurt. Each player is

taught to reveal any injury immediately for the good of the team because a fresh man is a better player than an injured 'star'. In this way it's impossible for an injury to become worse from continued playing."

The boy concluded: "So you see, Dad, football is really safer than climbing a ladder or taking a bath."

"You win, son," replied the father. "Now that I understand the whole situation, you have my consent to play."

—*Joseph G. Gavin, '37.*

AN ELEGY

If someone had told us a few years ago that as we started down the last long lap to the goal of graduation we should not want to leave the old place, he would have been regarded with suspicion. Yet now, as the final step is about to be taken, a certain loneliness steals over us as we contemplate all that has passed here. It is rather a shock to realize that these years have meant so much to us. It is a blow to think that the frivolous days of high school are about to be replaced by seriousness and worldly effort.

Before us winds a hazy path of uncertainty, leading, in most cases, through colleges and out . . . somewhere. Can college really replace anything we lose as the bonds of our relationship with our school are severed? At a football rally it was once said that the days we are living are happier than any college has to offer. We wonder how we shall feel then to look back and say these same words.

However, we cannot help wondering whether the school is gradually becoming a factory of thought rather than the mountain of tradition of former years. To us the spirit seems to have fled, that mysterious driving force which is more a myth than a reality. Without that spirit, we are lost: without it, how can we continue to lead the lesser foundations in the search for knowledge? Yea, verily, the day of happiness is a day of moaning when little boys in short pants clutter up the corridors, and big boys no longer feel the pulse of the school stirring in their breasts.

At the end of six years the many associations which we have made mean more to us than we have ever dreamed, and to watch these ties dwindle away is a melancholy thought. The decorated diploma is a symbol of the joyous reward of concentrated effort; will it be otherwise in June? Life is a broad stream upon which to trust our simple crafts, whose only landmarks are to be the affiliations of our old *Alma Mater*. Perhaps it would be wiser just to admit outright that with the final dismissal bell is ended the best part of our lives, and we are entered into the unknown.

Then let us make the most of our too short stay here, and be able to reflect that we have drunk deep of the sweetness herein.

—*David S. McNally, '37.*

WHAT IS YOUR VOCATION TO BE?

In the course of a lifetime, each one of us makes important decisions—some wisely and others not so wisely. The whole course of our lives may be changed by our actions. One of the most important decisions we must make is the choosing of a vocation. We should weigh every side of the story before we decide what our goal shall be.

However, this article is not meant to point out what you should do, but to acquaint you with a very wise and helpful undertaking being started here in Boston early in the new year.

Beginning on January 30, 1937, and continuing for ten consecutive Saturdays, there will be a series of lectures designed to aid Junior and Senior High School students. These lectures are free, and no obligation is incurred by attending them. Each will be delivered by an expert in some field. Such famous names as William B. Snow, "Bill" Cunningham, and Robert T. Bushnell are included in the list of speakers.

follows: Banking, Foreign Trade, Civil Service, Foreign Service, Teaching, Journalism, Advertising, Accounting, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Insurance, Industrial Engineering, Chemistry and Chemical Engineering, Law, Aviation, Radio, Public Utilities, Selling, Electrical Engineering, and Social Work.

We urge each one of you to think seriously of attending these lectures which will be held at Northeastern University. Anyone who wishes further information should get in touch with Milton J. Schlagenhauf, chairman of the committee, who can be reached at Northeastern University.

—F. A. R., 37.

WILDNESS

Love forged for me a golden chain
To bind my straying feet:
I dwelt in scented rose-leaf rain
And found the young years sweet.

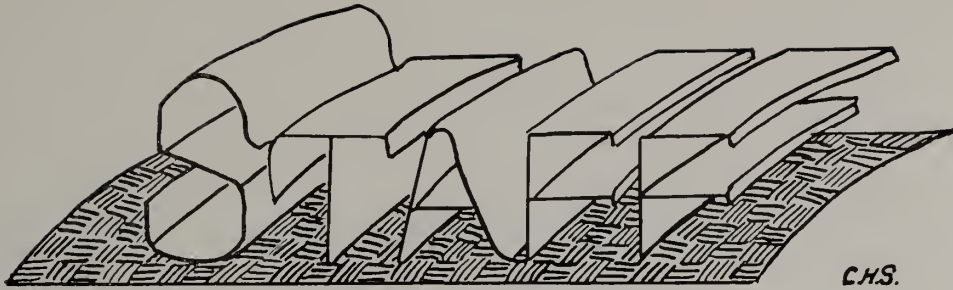
But when I hear the winds sweep by
Or see the white clouds pass,
The space of open sky,
Birds soaring o'er the grass,—

There is a little place in me
That cries like any child
To be as forest things—free,
Lonely, strange, and wild.

—Joseph Scaduto, '40.

Season's Greetings

The Staff of the "Register" takes this opportunity to express
to the Faculty and Student Body sincere wishes for
A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.



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NIGHT RISE

It was in the softness of the dusk when the warbling of the birds was low over the limpid waters of the pond. The tawny bulrushes hung their heads towards the shore in the little bays and inlets. Behind the crests of the far-flung hills was a rim of fire left behind by the escaping sun, and the chilled blue of the sky grew darker and darker with the coming night.

Ripples of tiny waves surged out from the prow of a row-boat that was drifting slowly. A huddled figure sat still in the back of the boat as though he were sleeping. His line, cast far into the waters, made its own little interruption of the overall quietude of the surface. The bob was as still as its owner.

The liquid, throaty call of a loon came across on the wings of the evening breeze that rustled the leaves and called the wild creatures of the surrounding wood to rest. Even the final chatterings of the squirrels could be heard if one listened sharply. Occasionally a distant splash spoke of the gambols of the bass in the night rise.

Slowly, in the never-ending rhythm, the ripples of the boat and bob widened out and kissed the margin of the beach . . . Look closely! Was that a movement of the float? Or does the dimness of the dusk play tricks upon our eyes? Imperceptibly it dipped away from the statue-like figure. Suddenly there came such a rush on the line that the silence was undone with the swish of the broken waters. The unwinding reel of the line beat a rapid tattoo that drummed into the fisher's ears.

Instantly his figure, outlined against the background of the sky, became poised,

strong arms slowing the disappearing silk, head snapped erect with the eagerness of the chase. Then . . . the line was no longer paying out! He had his quarry stopped!

But, as he played him back, there was the flash of a silver belly upturned to the sky as his prey broke surface and snapped his mighty jaws at the moon. Again the reel was dancing on the handle of the rod as the creature of the deep dived away into his beloved depths. Back and forth the battle raged—the powerful arms straining against the lithe, muscled body of the flashing fish; the man's sapping strength against the waning rushes that made the reel sing and the rod bow.

The wild-eyed creature spun back, down past the very reach of the man who dared not leave the rod to pick up the net at his feet—its body streaming with the water. But the Finale was drawing near. The figure in the boat could feel the rows of muscles up his back growing numb. The courage of the figure that fought below the surface had turned to desperation.

One more try, one more crazy rush, and the battle was done, was won. Forward, forward, forward drove the stout tail of the handsome bass as he leaped his last leap against the hook in his wide mouth. . . . Panting out great lungfuls of air, the man lay back in the boat resting. From the end of his line dangled the broken hook.

A little later when the moon had further blossomed into full being, a man was crossing those same hills whose rim of fire had disappeared, a man with a fishing-rod over his shoulder. He was whistling.

—David S. McNally, '37.



THE BARBARIAN

I

Above stretched the sky, a velvety dark carpet decked with brightly twinkling stars and a large, silvery, glittering moon. Below were the soft, silky sands of the vast, silent Sahara. Except for the occasional cry of a beast or the swish of the sand as the cool, gentle breeze came across the desert, all was silent. Silhouetted against the sky in the distance, there could be discerned a tall, solitary, palm waving gently to the caresses of the desert breeze.

In this vastness and waste there was only one sign of human life—a campfire about which a group of men was huddled. The blaze, dancing and flickering, reflected against the features of the men, outlining their faces and bringing into relief the most cruel and savage lines of their countenances.

Suddenly a tall, stately, overbearing man in the garb of a Bedouin rose. He slowly raised his arm for silence. Then with a deep and lordly tone, bringing out in every syllable barbarity and blood-thirstiness, he spoke: "My brethren, it has been many years since we, the true sons of the desert, have had the opportunity to convene and discuss plans for driving out the accursed white men, the scourge of the desert people. We must band together and fight to the end. And, by Allah, we, the Brotherhood of Death, will accomplish the task." With a short bow, signifying that he thought his words had achieved their purpose, he resumed his place at the fire.

A murmur arose among the other members of the fireside circle. Then, after a short delay, a dignified, white-bearded man, dressed in long, flowing, white robes and obviously an important tribal chief, got to his feet and motioned for silence. The murmur instantly ceased. With great deliberation and dignity he spoke. "My children," he said, "all that Ali ibn Hassan

has said is true. But there remain in my mind many seemingly insurmountable obstacles. We have tried countless times and at great loss of life to expel the foreigner from our domain; we have plundered, robbed, and even murdered helpless women and children. Was it to any avail? Each time the white men came back and fought harder and harder until they again drove us into total submission. They are tenacious, hardy, and brave.

"I ask you, my children—indeed, I beg you—not to resort to bloodshed and murder. The desert is large enough for many nations to inhabit without strife. So, I entreat of you: shed not the blood that is dear to you."

"However," he concluded resignedly, "if you decide to fight, I myself shall not be lacking from the struggle."

Having taken his seat once again, the chief gazed sharply into the faces of those present to determine the success of his entreaty. His heart sank to an abysmal depth. The bronzed features of his fellow-men betrayed no other emotion than that of cruelty, savagery, and barbarity. True, there was a minor struggle of emotions, but he could not discern a single telling trace of softness or kindness. Cruelty was predominant. It was certain that the chieftains would be immovable in their desire, unflinching in their purpose, and heartless in their struggle. So, thoroughly disheartened and defeated in mind, the old sheik said, "My children, I see by your expressions that you desire to fight; therefore, fight it shall be, and may Allah be with us."

Then the young, stately Bedouin eagerly demanded, "Then it is agreed that we fight?"

The assent was unanimous. A triumphant light flickered in the eyes of the young man—the light of the victor, the avenger,

and the bloodthirsty. The agreement seemed to signify that the council was at an end, and all except the two spokesmen rose and departed from the fireside circle. They clambered upon their mounts and were away in all directions, shattering the silence of the desert with ensuing hoof-beats and shouts.

When the two had been left alone, the old man spoke in a dejected tone. "Well, my son, you have gained your ends. There will be bloodshed. Men will be killed off like flies; and finally, we shall probably come to the same condition in which we are now living. My son, you have done wrong. But, as I have already promised, I shall fight by your side." With a final begging glance toward his son the sheik searched to find some spark of understanding and kindness. But his search was fruitless—the young chieftain's eyes were fixed in a cold stare, reminding one of the evil glint of a dagger.

Finally, the young man raised his voice: "Father, when you were a youth, you, too, fought the white man with the same unflagging spirit which I am about to exert in the greatest of all causes, the total freedom of our people. You, too, demanded their lives. But now, old and worn, you go into battle a trifle worried as to our welfare."

"But," he stated with finality, "it grows late. Let us end all arguments and return to camp."

Father and son rose in silence, mounted their camels, and started out on their awkward, long-legged steeds at a loping gait toward the long palm on the horizon. The desert was left without sign of human life except for the dying embers of the once blazing fire. No longer did the excited hum of voices echo across the vast waste.—Silence, only silence, remained.

II

As Hassan, the aged sheik, unable to sleep, lay in his tent that night, he tried

to devise some plan by which the impending slaughter might be prevented. Apparently there was no way out. He had given his solemn promise, and all of the Brotherhood had agreed to fight. So, totally exhausted from his efforts and fruitless thought, Hassan finally fell into a fitful, restless sleep.

The next morning the sheik woke to look upon a scene of excitement and feverish preparation. Swords were being sharpened to a razor edge against crude grindstones; lead for bullets was being poured into molds; rifles were being cleaned and oiled; and steeds were being groomed for the arduous campaign. Men, women, and children were all occupied in some manner with preparations for the oncoming struggle.

Days went by and finally preparations were completed. All the tribes of the Brotherhood of Death had convened and were tensely awaiting the signal to advance. Ali ibn Hassan was made leader on account of his fiery spirit and bravery. His father, Hassan, was chosen second in command.

At last the huge horde began its journey under the burning desert sun to Ajib-ij-Baraan, a lonely French legionary outpost. The desert people were stretched out in a long, straggling line with Hassan and Ali riding in silence side by side at the head of the column. At nightfall the army reached the vicinity of the outpost, and they camped, awaiting total darkness to hide their movements in its sable cloak. Finally, the golden rim of the sun disappeared below the horizon, and darkness swiftly followed.

Ali gave the long-awaited signal to advance. Slowly and cautiously the barbarian tribes edged forward. They were like small white specks against the vastness of the desert. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, the crack of a rifle resounded in the cool and silent night air. It was the warning shot of a keen-eyed French sentry, catch-

ing sight of the advancing Bedouins from his vantage-point on the parapet of the fortress of Ajib-ij-Baraan.

III

The battle of Ajib-ij-Baraan will be forever known as one of the most remarkable struggles in the annals of French colonial history. A sentry sighted a vast Arabian army moving to attack. His warning brought the entire garrison into sudden action. A few seconds later a machine gun and rifles burst forth into fire. The pandemonium broke loose. A wildly shrieking mass of men charged the fortress. As quickly as they came up within range, they were mowed down by the lethal fire of the machine-gun and rifles. Wave after wave of Arabs charged the outpost, only to be cut down by the relentless fire of the brave defenders. The night air, reeking with powder, was rampant with the agonized shrieks of the dying and wounded, the excited yells of the attackers and defenders, the staccato chatter of the machine-gun, the angry whine of bullets, and the ominous crack of rifles. The Arabs were driven back again and again, only to be rallied still another time by their leader, a stately young Bedouin.

Until sunrise the attack was continued

with unflagging force and spirit. The Arab army had been cut to almost half its number. Only the valiant, unquenchable spirit of their leader kept the desert men from retreat.

At this point a very extraordinary thing occurred. During the heat of the battle an old white-bearded Bedouin, evidently a chief of some importance, rode up behind the Arab commander. Pulling a knife from a band of his waist, he raised his arm and with a prayer on his lips, he plunged the weapon into the leader's back. The latter fell from his mount and was trampled by the oncoming steeds of his own army. A few seconds later, the old man, although seemingly unwounded, fell from his camel, and he, too, was crushed by the hoofs of the camels. The Arabs, seeing their leaders dead, immediately lost their morale and retreated. Ajib-ij-Baraan was once more left alone except for the corpses of those who had fallen and the vultures, signs of death, swooped lower and lower on their defenseless prey.

Thus, a father killed his son to save many others—a true sacrifice by a noble old man, who, his heart rent by his own deed, also fell, a martyr and a hero.

—N. Zeidman, '37.

THE STORM AND THE LUGGER

The wind! The ever-present breath of the islands, screamed and howled; and lashed the turbulent seas into a boiling inferno! Borne in the teeth of the gale was a splashing downpour of rain. Overhead, the thunder rumbled and crashed; while livid streaks of lightning lanced the darkness like the flash of a striking sword blade. And still the wind . . .

In the maw of this monster storm was a small lugger, in which were huddled three figures, pitiful and alone. They had reason to cringe and fear for their lives, for they

were natives of a barren, exposed rock-pile, a tiny island; and well they knew the power of the elements. Fearfully and fitfully they plied rudder and oar, but only to keep the frail craft righted; they dared not raise sail. Buffeted and spun about—first on the crest, then in the trough of the waves—the fishing smack neared shore, not by the puny efforts of the crew, but rather by the irresistible force of the storm and incoming tide. Suddenly, these three found themselves in the midst of a churning, frothy mass of bubbles and

foam. It was the surf, and with the surf the treacherous reefs and jagged rocks.

Then, above the cacophony of the tempest, a piercing shout was heard. It was repeated, then joined by another treble cry. It wasn't a call of distress; on the contrary, it was one of encouragement. Enheartened and guided thus, they approached one of the few level but narrow beaches of the isle. Lifted on the crest of a huge wave, the trio was swept into the shallows. The fishermen leaped out of the boat to stand beside the courageous woman and child who had directed them to a haven.

The sea, wrathful at the escape of its intended victims, greedily snatched the boat from the grasp of the unwary men into its own crushing embrace. Frantically but futilely they rushed after their pre-

cious boat and net; but, held fast in the toils of the receding wave, the lugger and all its contents were smashed and shredded to pieces in a scant few seconds against the rock cliffs bordering the beach. Helplessly, the five wind-swept, rain-drenched figures watched the destruction of their only means of livelihood.

The sea, as if appeased, slowly calmed. It was as through a soothing balm had been poured over the troubled waters. There remained only an oily rolling swell; bits of floating driftwood, disgorged by the fathomless ocean; an occasional ominous rumble of thunder; and the soft mournful moaning of the breath of the islands, the chant of lost souls.

—*Frederick I. Gottesman*, '38,

THE ENGINEER

The last rays of twilight had begun to fade from the valley, and the moon, hanging high in the sky, cast a shimmering network of silver over the landscape. Cooling, refreshing breezes swept down the slopes of the valley, deftly driving back the hot, fetid air of the preceding day. "Yes! It is beautiful," thought Mark bitterly, as he watched his assistant shovel more coal into the fiery furnace; "but it was never meant for me." Thirty years of hard, grueling labor had left him cynical. During these years he had known but one routine—that of engineering—smoke, dust, and steel. Therefore, to Mark it was but a far-off dream, a grandeur of the past, an intangible something he couldn't seem to reach.

With a heavy sigh, he eased the throttle and glanced at the dials before him. One of them read 110 degrees Centigrade. How different from the air outside! "Too hot for most men," he reflected, but he had grown used to that also.

For a few moments he let the assistant guide the train while he inspected the schedule. They were three minutes behind

time, but a little more pressure on the boilers would fix that. In the distance he heard the whistle of the "Minute Man," the Company's largest passenger train. "She should be in soon," he remarked to the assistant.

"Yes, she is ahead of schedule now, which means she'll beat us to the station," came the reply. With a puzzled look, he leaned out the cabin window and stared along the track. There was something wrong; he could almost sense it. Men who worked on the rails always acquire an instinct for trouble.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was rent by four wild, piercing shrieks. The engineers glanced at each other white-faced. Mark's fears had been justified. Another startling blast from the station whistle proved it. "It's a runaway train," he shouted to his assistant, "and on the same track as the 'minute man'." Mark's mind grasped vainly for a solution. The "passenger" was ahead of schedule and would have to collide unless something got between them. Slowly an idea formed itself in his head. In his many years of ex-

perience he had never had an accident of any importance. For a moment he pondered over a plan, one which might prove dangerous. There lay two hills in the path of the train, and only five minutes before the runaway reached the switch tracks.

Desperately the two men tugged at the coupling till it came loose and the cars detached from the engine rolled back down the hill. Pressure! pressure! and more pressure was what he must have if he was to beat the runaway to the switchtrack. Flinging open the boiler doors, both men fought valiantly to feed the hungry flames. Higher and higher mounted the pressure, and with it rose the temperature. Mark's brain reeled under the terrific heat, and huge blisters rose on his arms and chest. The freed engine plunged like an arrow down the slope, just as the headlight of the runaway hove into view. Would their plan work, what would happen to them if it did? Would they be smashed to bits if they did not jump in time?

A thunderous roar assailed his ears, and the onrushing train—a missile of destruction—loomed before them, its great eye staring hypnotically into the night. As he leaped from the engine, a tumultuous crash reverberated through the valley, rising to a piercing crescendo as steel ground steel to dust, and the huge engines tore each other to pieces.

When Mark opened his eyes, he looked into the face of a white-clad nurse. For a

moment he sought to remember what had happened. As his mind cleared, he recalled the runaway—its great yellow orb holding him spellbound—and the exploding collision of the trains. The nurse smiled as she handed him a letter and said, "You aren't hurt very seriously, I guess; you can read this." With anxious fingers he opened the letter and removed its contents. Holding it in his unbandaged hand, he began to read slowly. A feverish light kindled in his eyes, and his pale cheeks flushed. Scarcely daring to believe, he grasped the paper in his huge hand and reread it a dozen times. It was written by John L. Farfax, president of the railroad company, congratulating him for his heroic deed in saving the lives of scores of people. At the bottom of the letter was a note asking to report for duty as an executive in the company.

Mark knew what that meant. No longer must he watch anxiously for danger signals on sharp turns or hear the deafening thunder of the train pound in his ears. A feeling of satisfaction engulfed him as he gazed out into the bright blue sky, and a new power was born in his soul. The comfort of a home in the country, the warmth of a fire-place, long walks in the open air under the stars, birds, trees, waving fields of grain were his at last. They were no longer dreams of the past, but realities of the future. With a happy sigh, he sank to his pillow in peaceful slumber.

—*Carl Chellquist, '39.*

CAPTAIN HARRY

Gentlemen:

May I humbly tender my resignation of the captaincy of Company A, 3rd Regiment? I am fully aware of the boldness of my request; yet, when you hear my tragic tale, I am sure you will accede.

For three years, dear sirs, I have toiled and strained every fiber of my frail body struggling with a cumbersome rifle, which was almost my equal in size. Always have I been the butt of the captain's withering

remarks in my ceaseless struggles in the rear rank always; that is, until last week. Last week, and I shudder with horror as I realize my ironic fate, I was made a captain. A captain, mind you, and at that not an ordinary captain; but to me, Harry Smith, 4 ft. 9 inches tall, was given the command of 32 6-footers. Now I am not a coward; and were anyone to even intimate as much, I would immediately fly into flaming rage and give vent to my in-

dignation with a few well-chosen words—providing he was my size. In spite of my staunch heart, however, how can one expect me, with my unusual breeding and refined voice, to subdue a group of ruffians twice my size.

Shall I ever forget the agony of those twenty-five minutes after the Colonel presented me with the Company. After vainly tip-toeing about, trying to render myself invisible or at least as unobtrusive as possible, I had decided that some action was necessary, and gathered my strength. Slowly, then, I walked to the front of my Company. With each step, I felt more and more of my courage oozing out. Once started, with my back to the Company, I was loath to stop, and continued walking until I met a wall. After strenuously endeavoring to give a withering glare to my mild eyes, I suddenly looked up and snarled at my Company. Ah, that was a snarl; for no sooner did I direct it towards the second corporal, than he helplessly bent beneath it. Of course, the fact that he may have wished to retrieve the pencil which had fallen out of his pocket might have had something to do with it; yet I was sufficiently heartened to add a subdued growl to my snarl, and even tried frothing a bit at the mouth. This, however, seemed to have no effect, for there ensued tittering and disorder. Although discouraged, that unconquerable spirit which the Latin School had fostered within me did not die, and I determined to carry on and bring them to attention. Consequently I prepared myself for the supreme effort which this feat would require both inwardly and outwardly. First, raising myself on my toes, I extended my chest and inhaled all the air necessary to bellow the command with full force. Then, propping myself against the wall and stooping my ears in preparation for the tremendous volume of sound which I would soon bellow, I opened my mouth

wide. I opened my mouth wide; but, instead of that roaring voice, instead of that stentorian command which was to sweep all obstinacy and disobedience before its overwhelming power, I emitted—oh, ye treacherous gods—a combination of falsetto yodel and mouse-like squeak. Gladly would I have resigned then before that withering torrent of laughter, and perhaps would have done so had not the bell rescued me from my misery.

For three days, kind sirs, as the next drill day approached, I suffered all the agonies of the doomed; and when it came, I was a nervous wreck. It happened after lunch, a lunch in which I had drunk three bottles of milk in an effort to gather strength for the coming ordeal. The desired result, however, was not produced, and as I once more stood before a broadly amused company, it was with a sinking sensation in my stomach. Half-consciously, then, I opened my mouth and emitted a sound which seemed to pass for a command for all faced to the right—all, that is, except one. This erring person I decided to ignore totally (we all make mistakes sometimes). When he again erred, however, I summoned up all my courage and sternly asked the first lieutenant to rebuke the culprit. It did no good, and at the next command, since the eyes of the company were upon me, I decided to administer the rebuke personally. Consequently, I strode with a determined step over to the offender, and, gazing steadfastly at the buttons of his jacket, I courteously asked him to face with the rest of the company. The broad back quickly turned around, and I was rudely asked who I thought I was—the query being made more emphatic by the pressure of two hundred pounds on my little toe. After gazing into a pair of very angry eyes, I quickly decided that no one at all had spoken, and weakly tottered back to my post. Not only, however, was I to be baited openly, but also behind my

back, for suddenly there resounded a most vulgar sound. If this wasn't enough, then my stomach contributed the deciding factor, for I suddenly felt the effects of the three bottles of milk. Hastily putting my handkerchief to my mouth, I first hurried and then, as I felt the need for solitude more and more, I ran into the corridor. I

did not return.

The result, gentlemen, is that at the end of one week my indigestion is ruined, my sleep has become a nightmare, and I am a total wreck. Understand, and grant my request.

Pleadingly, HARRY JONES.

—*Herbert Weiner*, '37.

AUTUMN MELANCHOLIA

I pensively gaze out of the window. The day is drear. The sky darkens perceptibly. Wisps of clammy, diaphanous fog slowly drift earthward like the blighted hand of Death. The damp, sea-laden wind whips about the house-tops with a low whistling moan. The streets are barren and deserted of all human habitation. The sodden trees look chastised and defeated. All other vestiges of vegetation have either disappeared or remain in a few scant, sparse, down-trodden groups. The world is drab, lifeless, and melancholy.

Slowly piercing this veil of despair, the wailing strains of Mischa Elman's incomparable violin reach my ear. The melody is Massenet's "Elegie, the Song of Mourning."

Gradually the poignant loveliness of the lament banishes all irritation from my mind. I forget the weather, the oppressiveness of the afternoon, the world itself. His violin sobs with all imagined woe. The long notes rise and fall in cadence with a

passionate grief, a desperate pleading that is almost unbearable. The sadness of the world seems to be tearing at my heart. There is a blur before my eyes; I cannot see. The universe is draped in black crepe; it is the dwelling-place of death and agony. I feel an irrepressible urge to join nature in mourning.

Then, suddenly, this delicately woven skein of thought is snapped. The song is at an end. The violin ceases to speak. When the last, long, mournful note quivers into silence, when the last echo is absorbed in the far corners of the room, I slowly lift my bowed head.

I grasp tightly to reality as a doomed man, poised over a bottomless pit, clings to the sharp, rocky ledge bordering the crevice. Frantically, with the hope borne of desperation, I hold fast to the slender thread that stands between me and a yawning, bottomless abyss. The thread snaps! I am back in the world of every-day things.

—*Frederick Gottesman*, '38.

A THOUGHT

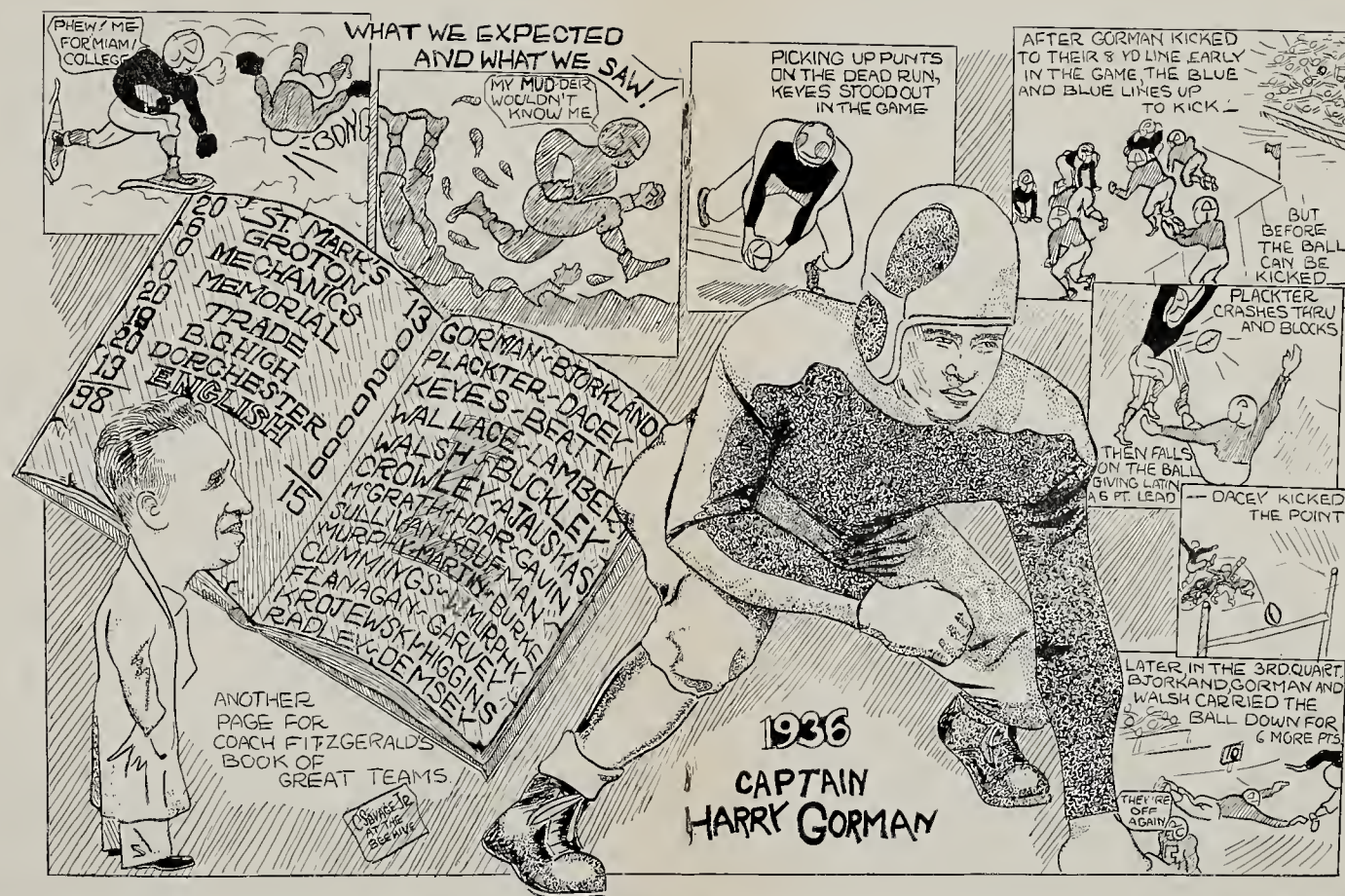
The sunbeams came
And played about the clouds.
All nature burst forth
In silence to display;
But passed unnoticed,
All unobserved.

Then came the west wind
And chased away her beauty.
Came dark chargers,

Preceders of rain,
And flashing and roaring,
All attended.

And then I pondered
How we in life
Pause not with the silent good,
But pass by,
Till we meet the gaudy,
All turbulent.

—*Charles H. Savage*, '38.



AN OLD FRIEND



'ROUND THE ENDS



TOUCHDOWN AGAIN



LATIN

Photos by Lerner

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Oct. 12—Because Columbus sailed on and on and on exactly 444 years ago, we slept on and on and on today, without our pet 7:30 worry.

Oct. 13—A peaceful class in Room 202 was suddenly startled by the appearance of a book dangling on a string from the window of the room above . . . First meeting of the Math Club.

Oct. 14—The stampede in the library at 12:15 was caused by the candidates for class offices . . . Found: some one not running for office. (*Paid Political Advertisement*).

Oct. 15—No, a cyclone did not strike the third floor today. It was only the candidates trying to get the required number of signatures. One clever politician picked up a few extra votes by leaning over the crowds and putting his paper under pencils.

Oct. 16—Assembly of Class I. Mr. Dunn told the boys not to vote for every name on the ballot . . . Mr. Weners *ad-ed* a few words.

Oct. 19—Assembly of the lower classes . . . Beginning one of the most hectic weeks of the school year—Election Week. Nomination papers turned in today.

Oct. 20—Primaries of Class I officers.

Alfred and Bjorklund are left in the race for president, while the tremendous horde of aspirants to Class Committee is reduced to a lonely eight.

Oct. 21—A novelty in political advertising, destined to go down in history with Murphy's campaign blotters, is the "sandwich-man" idea introduced today as Platt walked the corridors between a couple of "Daniels for Class Committee" signs . . . Report cards show their blushing faces.

Oct. 22—Meeting of the Senior Class. A suggestion to run a candidate on a "sticker" ticket was decidedly turned down. Some one was stuck!

Oct. 23—The climax—election of class officers. It is estimated that with the campaigns over, the amount of chalk consumed in the Class I home-rooms will be reduced four-fifths . . . We bought a ticket immediately following the announcement that those going to the game would get out at 1:15 . . . Both teams got muddy and wet for no purpose, the final score being exactly what it was in the beginning.

Oct. 26—First public declamation, with the lower classes enjoying the oratory . . . Results of Class I elections: President, Bjorklund; Vice-President, Levenson; Secretary-Treasurer, Cahill; Class Committee, Beatty (Chairman), Ajauskas, Applebaum, Plackter, and Daniels.

Oct. 27—The Latin Club meets at 2:30. We have a *private* Latin Club at 12:35—that is when our home lessons are completed!

Oct. 28—That *locked* five-year diary has not yet been claimed from the office. We have heard many conjectures as to its contents—"sub-machine gun, translation, homelessons, love-letters, etc."—but it is still a mystery.

Oct. 29—Paging all professional puzzle-solvers! At a meeting of the safety Club, attended by 39 members, 48 votes were cast.

Oct. 30—All honor and give sacrifice to the gods! On this day were we treated to a real, live, honest-to-goodness touchdown, the first scored in the City League this season by Latin or an opponent. For the benefit of those who don't read our sports section, our team came out on top, 20-0, at the expense of Trade.

Nov. 2—*Registers* were issued today. The R.R.R. laughed heartily at his favorite column; but, on looking around the room, he found himself alone in his enjoyment . . . The Debating Club was due to meet today.

Nov. 3—Assembly of Classes I and II, with Yarosh at the console. Mr. Powers announced the requirements of various colleges, and explained the futility of trying to get into said institutions unless we study . . . As 311 goes, so goes the nation! The members of that room elected Roosevelt, C. F. Hurley, and Lodge. Who gave Browder those four votes? . . . All Class I turned out for the first meeting of the Physics Club.

Nov. 4—Boys are forbidden to indulge in acrobats, calisthenics, or gymnastics on the windowsills.

Nov. 5—The office goes in for high-pressure advertising. "Buy the first *Register* issue now! Only a few copies left! First come, first served!"

Nov. 6—B.C. High was overwhelmed, 19-0. . . Who were those three untouchables in the R.R.R.'s home-room who didn't go to the game, thus giving the whole room two extra homelessons?

Nov. 9—The Literary Club meets, with William Cullen Bryant. We have our *private* Literary Club at 12:35 (at least, when our private Latin Club isn't in session), and that is when the good old Book Report is finished!

Nov. 10—The iron hand of Mr. Lucey today held in check the unruly wizards of the Math Club. *We* have a *priv* . . . oh, let's not get monotonous!

Nov. 11—Let's all forget the pacifists
Who would avoid this day;
We celebrate the Armistice,
No school . . . put books
away!

Nov. 12—*We* win ye feetsball game, enveloping Dorchester 20-0 . . . Heard at the 20-yard line (from a freshman, of course), ten minutes after Murphy intercepted a pass, making an eighty-five yard run . . . "Why doesn't Latin try that play again in which Murphy ran so far?"

Nov. 13—Friday the thirteenth. The R.R.R., not being superstitious, passed one of the five tests he took.

Nov. 16—Heard at the Debating Club meeting: "I don't know which side to vote for. The negative was better, but my friends were on the affirmative."

Nov. 17—Assembly of Classes V and VI. . . . McNally, speaking on "Radio" in the Physics Club, had us up in the air . . . Heard while the master was out of the room: "I'm thirsty," "I'm Normie; glad to know you."

Nov. 18—Assembly of Classes III and IV. . . Meeting of the Latin, Chess and Checker, and Music Appreciation Clubs . . . or maybe it was no meeting of the L., C. & C., and M. A. Clubs . . . Magician Bertram Adams gave a performance in the Assembly Hall. We wish we could use his magical powers to prevail upon our History teacher to pass us.

Nov. 19—Assembly of Classes I and II, with Levenson shattering our eardrums. At last we find out the purpose of all the assembling—Mr. Powers wants to make sure that we outcheer English while we defeat our rivals on the gridiron . . . We had a swell joke ready for the Commerce game today, but cold weather prevented both the game and the joke.

Nov. 20—Marks close today; the trial is over; a verdict will be passed on not a few boys.

—*Register's Raving Reporter.*

EXCHANGES

During the past month we have received several creditable "Exchanges," and we hope that they will continue to come in.

* * * *

Your editors now know why there are not more contributors to the *Register*. At least three former Latin School students are on the Editorial Board of the *Bostonian*, published by the Roxbury Memorial High School for Boys. They are Morris Bearak, Arnold Shufro, and Irving Geller. The following is taken from the *Bostonian*.

"Your husband will be brave, handsome, rich, generous, and . . ."

"Before you go any further," interrupted the lady who was having her fortune spread before her view, "please tell me how to get rid of the mean, sneaking, shiftless, stingy one I'm married to now."

* * * *

We have received several issues of the

North Star, published by the Wichita High School North, of Wichita, Kansas. From one of those we relay this happening. Evidently they have a system of discipline similar to our "Corridor Patrol," and someone sent in the following query: "Are proctors supposed to stop necking parties?" The editors of the *Register* thank their lucky stars that they have no such momentous problems to deal with.

* * * *

From *Ulula*, published by the Manchester Grammar School of Manchester, England, we reproduce the following bit:

Epitaphs

Pythagoras

Here lies the very first to use

The square of the hypotenuse.

G. B. S.

He left behind of books a score

Or more, about George Bernard Shaw.

CLASSROOM CLIPPINGS

(The continuation of this column depends on your response as regards quantity and quality. If this section meets with your approval, tell your room reporter to write his material. On the other hand, a mere word will cease this writing, should it not be approved.)

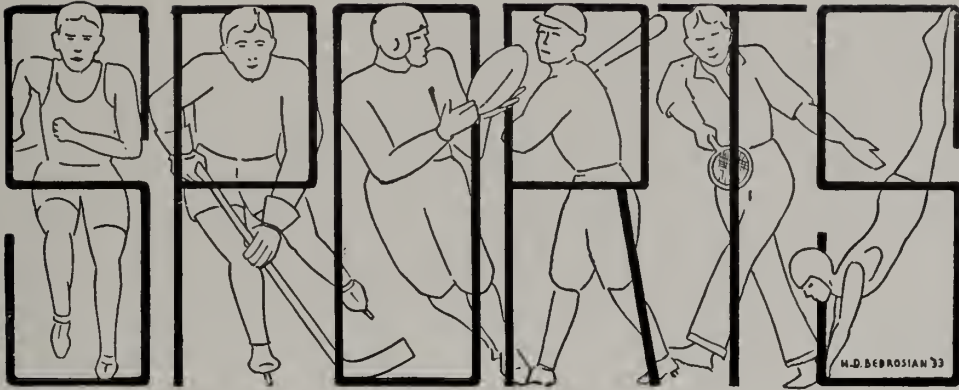
The School Committee announced last week a plan whereby *all* high school pupils would learn typewriting.—Reminds us of the last proposal to have basketball in the schools next winter. What next winter? . . . The whole student body is saddened by Col. Penney's absence.—His post is being ably filled by Lieut. Sullivan. . . . Emil Ludwig, celebrated biographer, speaks in the hall under the auspices of the Intermediate Teachers' Council. . . . Ralph Caputo, won an Italian Government tour this past summer for excellence in Italian speaking. Congratulations, Ralph; fine work.
An English

Master has originated a novel way of de-claiming. He divided "The Tempest" into six parts, assigned each row a section, and appointed six stage managers whose duty was to give the pupils in his row twenty-four lines apiece. . . .

What does the glass-enclosed flag opposite the office signify? We had a most distinguished history instructor stumped on that one.

. . . Students who have teachers for the second consecutive year are beginning to complain. They don't enjoy the jokes nearly so much the second or third time. . . . Edwin Thomas won Second Prize in the Post football contest. Reports show he's won numerous other awards. . . . And so Mr. Arthur Klein, recently appointed to our Mathematics Department was Intercollegiate Wrestling champion at Harvard. Mr. Aaron Gordon, from the same university was a boxing champ. So beware, boys; beware.

—Your Room Reporter.



SEEING GREEN

In a clash of unbeaten-untied elevens, Roxbury Memorial eked out a meager 2 to 0 victory over Boston Latin at the Beehive. Neither team displayed anything in the way of a concerted drive, although the Purple team threatened several times.

Latin made several mistakes in this game when it tried to run against a seven-man line and didn't pass. Memorial, on the other hand, was unable to penetrate the Purple line and was forced to trade punts with Latin.

Towards the end of the third period Murphy of Memorial quick-kicked to the four-yard line, which placed Latin in the hole for the first and, incidentally, the only time in the game. A kick was called for, but the pass from center was high and the kicker was nailed for a safety. For the rest of the game Memorial was content to stay on the defensive and hold its foe. Latin took to the air, but was powerless; and the game soon ended.

MATCHING MECHANICS

In a game which was essentially a kick-and-kick affair, brightened only by the defensive work of "Dan" Dacey and by a fourth-period rally which fell short, Mechanics Arts held a potentially superior

Latin School eleven to a scoreless tie. Both teams played defensive football, waiting for the "break", which failed to arrive. Rain and a very soggy field slowed down the attacks of both teams, but the main drawback to Latin was the absence of "Brodde" Bjorklund, who was out with a torn leg muscle. "Joe" Gavin, a regular lineman, was also on the sidelines.

The first half was devoid of any excitement, with Latin penetrating no further than the opposing 30-yard line, while Mechanics succeeded in pushing the ball only six yards over midfield. However, two successive Latin gains from the Artisan "30", one of ten yards and one of seven, were nullified by offside penalties.

"Dan" Dacey started the second half by making a pretty catch of the low kick-off on his "45". "Bill" Murphy followed this with a first down on the Mechanics "40". Another first down brought the ball to the "29", but the Artisans held, and got the ball on downs.

All the excitement was crammed into the fourth period, when the Purple opened up with a spectacular passing attack. A pass on the first play of the quarter netted Latin a first down on the enemy "28", and another pass moved the oval to the "13". Mechanics held, and Dacey's attempted field goal scooted along the ground to the "6", where it was picked up by Capt. Calabrese of the opposition.

"Bill" Murphy ran back the ensuing kick to the Artisan "40". A pass netted twenty yards, but the play was called back and Latin penalized for offside. Two long passes, following two short gains, fell incomplete, and Mechanics took possession of the ball on its own "37".

The kick was returned to the Mechanics "41". A "sleeper" pass brought the pigskin to the "5" and the fans to their feet. A line plunge ended on the "1", and the rally with it. A line play failed to gain, and the next play lost twelve yards and the ball on a fumble. The game ended on the following play.

TROUNCING TRADE

Latin returned to its wonted position in the "Win" column by walloping an inferior Trade eleven, 20-0. Held scoreless for two consecutive games, our team came back with a vengeance. With Bjorklund still out, "Fred" Keyes and "Ed" Walsh did the starring, and shone effectively. The team as a whole played much smarter football than it displayed against Memorial or Mechanics.

The Purple wasted no time in scoring. Radley signalled for a fair catch on the first play of the initial period, and received the benefit of a fifteen-yard interference penalty when a Tradesman hit him, the ball being thus advanced to the Trade "28". Two rushes and two offside penalties brought the ball to the "10". Keyes galloped to the "3", Walsh picked up two more, and then Keyes barged across for the score. "Dan" Dacey booted the extra point.

Capt. Harry Gorman ran back the next kick-off twenty yards to his "40" to start another touchdown drive. After a pass, Gorman to Keyes, had picked up two yards, Walsh skirted left end and was pulled down on the "21". Beatty made a difficult catch of a partially blocked pass from Gorman, and was downed on the one-foot line.

Keyes made it 13, and Dacey again place-kicked the extra point.

Following a flurry of kicks in the third quarter, B. L. S. started its final touchdown drive from its own "44". Walsh heaved to Beatty to the Trade "37", and then cut off tackle himself to the "20". Two more running plays brought the ball to the "9". Walsh to Radley netted eight yards, and, two plays later, Martin scored the final points, Dacey's placement sailing wide of its mark.

Trade staged a desperate last-period stand, uncovering some trick double passes, which were things of beauty, and which would have produced long gains and a possible touchdown if completed. They were well executed, but were muffed by the receivers. One long pass was completed to our "24", but the others were dropped, and the game ended with the ball in Latin's possession.

B. L. S. 19, B. C. HIGH 0

An alert Latin School team downed B. C. High 19-0, and thus registered the first Purple victory over the Eaglets since the ancient history of 1923. Harry Gorman featured by coming through with three "coffin corner" kicks, one of which led directly and one indirectly to a touchdown, and by scoring the third touchdown himself on a 95-yard run following a pass interception.

Following the recovery by Bjorklund of a B. C. High fumble early in the first period, Gorman kicked offside on the one-yard line. The Maroon and Gold, with their backs to the wall, kicked out, but got the ball again on a Latin fumble on the "34". They lost ground steadily to their own "22", and then Hailer's attempted punt was blocked by Johnny-on-the-spot Dacey, who recovered on the "13". A penalty brought the oval to the "8", whence "Brodde" Bjorklund announced to the world that he was back by skirting right

end behind excellent blocking for a touchdown. Dacey added the seventh point with a perfect placement.

Gorman set up the second touchdown with a "coffin corner" kick to the B. C. High "2". The ball was fumbled in the end zone, and substitute Walter Hoar fell on it for the second score. This ended the scoring in the first half, although Latin had the pigskin on the opponents' "1", where a pass was intercepted to cut off another six or seven points.

The Purple played cozy for the rest of the game, punting on first, second, or third down. In the closing minutes of the game, however, the Eaglets threatened seriously. Two passes brought the ball from their own "33" to the Latin "16". Another forward was attempted with disastrous results to themselves, for Gorman intercepted this on his own "5" and raced 95 yards for the last touchdown. The game ended after the next kickoff.

VENI, VIDI, MURPHY

Public Latin continued on its winning way by administering a decisive licking to Dorchester High. The Purple team showed decided improvement with its backs always making an appreciable gain and Walsh's passes playing havoc with the "red" secondaries.

The first score came early in the second period on a touchdown drive with "Brodde" Bjorklund and "Ed" Walsh predominating. "Brodde" carried it over on a three yard plunge. Dacey kicked the extra point.

Dorchester received the next kickoff and staged an impressive 50-yard march to the 16-yard line. Here McHugh tried to pass, but "Billy" Murphy intercepted on the 15-yard line and ran through the thunder-struck Dorchester team for 85 yards to score.

Forwards played a prominent part in the third and last touchdown. Starting from midfield the Purple cohorts began to throw

the ball around. Outstanding was a forward-lateral from Walsh to Keyes to Gorman. A few seconds later Walsh passed to "Joe" Koufman, who caught the ball on the five-yard line and staggered across the goal line.

ALL UP FOR LATIN

Before nearly 25,000 fans Boston Latin trounced their old English High rivals in their 48th annual game on Thanksgiving Day, 13 to 0. The game, which was played in a sea of mud and threatening weather, had a decided Purple tinge to it all the way.

In the early minutes of the first quarter Latin made her first touchdown. English had kicked off to start the game; and after an exchange of kicks, English was on her own six-yard line and was forced to punt. However, this punt was not to be, as "Al" Plackter came in like a runaway freight-car to block the kick and recover it in the end-zone for six points. All-Scholastic "Dan" Dacey obliged by kicking the extra point.

Both teams exchanged several kicks for the rest of the period, but in the last minute the Blue and Blue opened up in its only offensive gesture of the day. Starting at midfield it went down to the ten-yard line, where they were finally stopped by a determined Latin line. With the exception of this sustained drive, English did not threaten at any time.

Early in the second half Latin partially blocked another kick which "Brodde" Bjorklund returned to the English "40". Two plays later "Brodde" broke off his own right tackle for 28 yards to the "6". Successive rushes by Keyes and Walsh brought it to the "1," whence "Brodde" plunged over for the second score.

The remainder of the game Latin held onto the ball as long as possible and then kicked. English continued to pass, but the Purple's tight air defense saw to it that not a pass was completed.

Great credit must be given to the Latin line, which outplayed the vaunted English frontier with its galaxy of stars. "Dan" Dacey was the outstanding lineman on the field, and "Al" Plackter played the best game of his life. The backfield which ranked as one of the best in the city had a decided advantage in comparison to the opposing backfield. To Capt. Harry Gorman go most of the plaudits because of his wonderful kicking and his inspirational

play; but "Brodde" Bjorklund with his plunging and running, "Scalpi" Walsh with his blocking and ever ready presence, "Freddy" Keyes with his sterling defensive play and his splendid punt returns cannot be forgotten. Nor can we understate the part played by Coach Charles Fitzgerald who furnished the brains for a team which was characterized by sports writers as one of the smartest in the state.

HUMOR DEPARTMENT

THE CAT'S PAW

Act I

Prologue: the following short skit is based upon a subject dear to the heart of every Latin School student . . . the surreptitiously eaten lunch. But this differs from the usual well-worn plot in that, a short time ago, the events actually took place.

The Characters:

Theophilus Harmon Aloysius Passadunk, known intimately as "Thap," but without the lithp.

Mrs. Passadunk. (Mother, not wife.)

Fidippides Xenophon Bmirrhghy, a prankish scallywag, known to all and sundry as "Dippy."

"Shotgun" Bmirrhghy, no relation to Dippy, but a "goon" companion, as it were. (He is called "Shotgun," being conspicuously sawed-off.)

Jugglethwaite Alphonse Guzzlewater: From continually keeping one eye on his lunch and the other on his teacher, one of his eyes points down and the other up.

Last but not least, Mr. T. W. Chikn, the bane of the existence of the eaters of clandestine lunches. A good fellow, but possessing an eagle eye.

Time, 8 A.M. Place, the Passadunk domicile.

Theophilus: (inspecting lunch on table with a critical eye) M-M-M . . . Garlic-and-onion sandwiches! Oh, boy! Will I knock that Latin teacher for a loop! (Ed. note—what could he have meant?) And radishes, and a plate of soup! Say, Maw—throw in some lemon-juice too—I might get thirsty!

Mrs. Passadunk: Yes, Theophilus. (Throws in a bottle of lemon-juice, narrowly missing "Thap's" head.) Goodby, Theophilus. Get good marks, Theophilus. And be a good little boy, Theophilus. (Theo. leaves.)

Act II, Scene 1

Time. 12:06 P.M. Place, Room 10648000

The two Bmirrhghys rush into the aforementioned room, afore anyone else, "Shotgun" leaping into the wastebasket and there executing a tap dance, thus attracting the attention of Mr Chikn, while "Dippy" raises the covers of two desks, those of Passadunk and Guzzlewater, and switches the lunches therein contained. Putting the desk-covers down, he leaps over

"Shotgun" with great ease, and proceeds to turn several rapid somersaults on Mr. Chikn's desk, in this way holding the teacher's eye while his fellow-conspirator changes two other lunches. The names of the latter victims are withheld, since they never know what it is all about anyway. The rest of the class files in, the bell rings, and all pupils except Hamilt, Smith (probably the one you don't know), and Guzzlewater soon get at work. Guzzlewater, surreptitiously but steadily consuming Passadunk's lunch, thinks it is his own. He is suddenly startled by Hamilt, who puts down his desk-cover with a bang, uttering a muffled imprecation . . . muffled behind a large bite of sandwich. He has just remembered that, as a member of the Band, he is legitimately entitled to eat his lunch early, but too late . . . force of habit has made inroads upon an unappreciated sandwich. Guzzlewater, composing himself, continues eating.

Mr. Chikn: (unexpectedly) Smith, what are you studying so very diligently?

Smith: (with the proverbial caught-in-the-act expression on his "face") I-I-I am totally unable to fabricate. I, Sir, was perusing my lunch.

Mr. Chikn: Extra-curricular activity. One mk. (mk was how he spelled it.)

Guzzlewater recomposes himself after this second shock, to find that fright has caused each separate hair to stand up so quickly that it snapped itself in the middle, automatically giving him a whiffle haircut. However, only slightly disconcerted, he manages to finish the lunch just as the bell announcing the beginning of the recess period rings. There is a great rustling of paper as everybody else takes out his lunch and opens it. (At this specific point, the element of surprise is present . . . Mr. Russo)

Passadunk: (who misses his garlic-and-onion sandwiches) Sir . . . oh, sir, I beg of you, this is not my lunch . . . there has been some mistake . . . where is my garlic? onion? lemon juice? *et cetera*? WHERE is my own dear lunch?

Mr. Chikn: Whazzis Whazzamatter? For what reason do yo utter those unintelligible syllables?

Passadunk: (still sputtering) Sir . . . this is *not* my lunch! Someone has substituted another for it! Oh, woe! Oh, calamitas! Oh, heck! Now I will most assuredly flunk my Latin test! (Ed. note—?????)

Mr. Chikn: (who has observed a guilty look in the right eye of "Dippy" Bmirrhghy . . . the left is closed in a wink to "Shotgun".) Bmirrhghy, F. X. . . knowest thou aught of this matter?

Bmirrhghy: Sir, I am totally unable to fabricate. I, Sir, switched Passadunk's lunch with Guzzlewater's.

Mr. Chikn: Now I understand the purpose of those peculiar antics I observed a short while ago. But that little prank of yours is quite easily rectified. The lunches need only to be changed again. Guzzlewater, change your lunch with Passadunk!

Guzzlewater: (who has just been awakened by the boy behind him from the deep sleep following his repast.) Huh? Change my lunch with Passadunk? You say Bmirrhghy switched 'em?

Mr. Chikn: Yes, the mischievous little rascals! (The expression still sticks.)

Guzzlewater: (flustered and growing a deep red with embarrassment, he decides on bravado as the best course) Sir, I am totally unable to fabricate. (Ed. note — pure and distinct plagiarism, we call it. Where have we heard that expression before? Was it George Washington, or

has it occurred elsewhere in the play?)
I, Sir, ate Passadunk's lunch during the home-room period.

Mr. Chikn, overcome by tears . . . the garlic-and-onion variety . . . says nothing.

Scene 2

Place, the Latin room, Mr. Angus presiding.

Time, 1.10

Mr. Angus is preparing a great shock for the class: namely, the combined invective of Cicero, the limericks and ditties of Ovid, and the realistic fiction of Caesar . . . or sump'in. Mr. Angus: Any questions before the test begins?

Guzzlewater: (standing up) Yes, Sir, I want to know . . .

Mr. Angus collapses as a faint suggestion of garlic and onion is borne to him by the light Spring breezes.

Scene 3

Same place, five minutes later.

The class, holding its collective nose, is

clustered about Passadunk, who, over the recumbent form of Mr. Angus, is finishing a speech to Guzzlewater. He is reminiscent of Antony delivering the oration over Caesar's body. Guzzlewater, alone at the other end of the room, is reminiscent of Catiline deserted by his fellow-senators. But don't get the wrong idea . . . his classmates worship him, but from afar . . . they cannot stand his presence. Mr. Angus is reminiscent of Napoleon, at the battle of the Marne.

Passadunk: And so, as a token of the great esteem in which we hold you, I hereby present to you something which will destroy the cause of your ostracism, your martyrdom, and lately your only weapon . . . I present you a bottle of Whisperscream . . . catch! *(tosses him the vessel, which Guzzlewater eagerly receives.)*

Curtain—The End—No more

—Ralph W. Alman, '38.

FIGURES OF SPEECH

The following was composed by an embryonic lexicographer, whose chief delight appears to be tormenting his English teachers.

SYNECHDOCHE: a large city in New York State.

ONOMATAPOEIA: a restaurant in Times Square, noted chiefly because its food is sold from slot machines.

PERSONIFICATION: sweat, or moisture exuded through the pores of the skin.

ALLITERATION: the state of being uncultured, or not literate.

PARADOX: Heaven, the Garden of Eden.

SIMILE: a grin appearing on the lower half of the face only.

ALLEGORY: a large lizard-like reptile

found in America, closely related to the crocodile.

METAPHOR: a piece of mineral, of any size, which sometimes strikes the earth. Usually known as "shooting-stars."

APOSTROPHE: one who compounds drugs, a druggist.

EPIGRAM: a unit of weight, one half of a gram.

IRONY: an adjective, meaning "hard," "like iron."

HYPERBOLE: a geometric figure, the result of a plane cutting two cones, placed vertex to vertex.

CLIMAX: the temperature and amount of rainfall of a locality.

—Ralph W. Alman, '38.

JOKES

Professor (to student): "Why are all the answers in your examination in quotation marks?"

Pupil: "Just a bit of courtesy to the fellow on my right, sir."

* * * *

Mr. Collins (to pupil near calendar) on the first day of the month): "You look tired; take a month off."

* * * *

Teacher (to boy sitting idly in school during writing time): "Henry, why aren't you writing?"

Henry: "I ain't got no pen."

Teacher: "Where is your grammar?"

Henry: "She's dead."

* * * *

Student: "That must be one of my teachers in that car ahead."

Friend: "Why?"

Student: "He seems so reluctant to let me pass."

Hick: I see they're giving that baseball player the money he's asking for.

Yokel: Isn't it a shame? I know a brilliant Greek Professor who doesn't get a quarter as much.

Hick: Sure, but did you ever see fifty thousand people cheering a Greek recitation?

* * * *

If someone took my Greek book,
And threw it in the sky
And it landed in a little brook,
Greek would still be dry.

* * * *

Boss: "You seem to enjoy reading Chaucer."

Stenographer: "Yes, the fool's a worse speller than I am."

* * * *

Teacher: "What did Napoleon do after he had mustered his army?"

Pupil: "He peppered the enemy and assaulted the citadel."

Teacher: "Sit down young fellow, I'll have no sauce from you."

PRIZE CONTEST

To every reader who checks those of the following paragraphs which are not true to life, and sends them in together with the top of a 1937 Cadillac sedan or a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof, the *Register* will award a genuine nickel-plated soup ladle:

1. A prominent Latin School master, observing a sophomore leaving the building with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth,

obligingly offers him the use of his lighter.

2. Beginning next week, detention is to be suspended on Friday afternoons so that students who will be otherwise detained may have the opportunity of attending the Glee Club rehearsals.

3. Mr. Blank, one of our senior masters, detecting a fifth-classman in the act of ringing in a false alarm from one of the basement fireboxes, pats him understandingly

on the head, saying, "Quite all right, my little man; I was once a boy myself."

4. For the first time in the history of the school, the pre-Thanksgiving football rally this year is held out of doors. All rooters for dear old B.L.S. convene on the spacious walks leading through the Harvard Medical School grounds.

5. In order that all candid-camera enthusiasts among us may have an opportunity to snap to their heart's content, the entire faculty will hold an after-school session where they will obligingly assume any poses suggested by the boys.

6. When Elmer Cicero carelessly dropped a milk bottle in the lunchroom last week, no one gave any sign of having noticed the accident except a few nearby boys who obligingly helped him pick up the pieces.

7. Immediately following the Thanksgiving recess, the students of Class II presented Mr. Powers with a unanimous petition requesting that their unprepared periods be abolished inasmuch as they felt that they would be unjustified in endangering the College Board record of the school.

—Hyman J. Steinhurst, '37.



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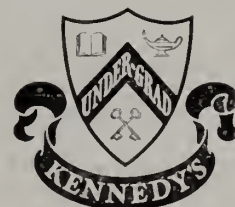
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